

# Pathfinder

Volume 3, Number 4  
Fall Issue



SPOTLIGHT  
ON CAMP HALE



## What's in It for You . . .

# CAMP HALE REVIEW

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Share the sky with an eagle without even growing wings. *Page 18*



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# Pathfinder

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## CHARGE!

### And Now the Ride Begins!

Ever ride a roller coaster? Know how it feels when you suddenly feel yourself rushing up that very first hump? Your heart's in your throat. You grip the crossbar until your knuckles cramp. And you wonder if it's too late to get off.

And then you're over the top! The rush of wind. The cries of excitement. The thunderous roar of the wheels against the rails. It's a great feeling!

PATHFINDER has just experienced such a thrill. The 1985 Pathfinder Camporee at Camp Hale, Colorado, was the greatest single event in Pathfinder history—and PATHFINDER was there.

It had its moments. Our hearts were thudding. We held on tight. But what a ride! And we learned from it. Today PATHFINDER magazine is better than ever. With more games, puzzles, stories, and information that you won't want to miss.

We've been to the top.  
And now the ride begins!

PATHFINDER Editors



*Camp Hale is history. So what do we do now? How can we harness the interest generated? What did we gain? Here are a few notes and ideas I've jotted down that may be helpful in your planning for the new Pathfinder year.*

## What Do We Do Now?

### **Gearing up for the new wave of interest generated by Camp Hale**

1. **Outline a new year of activity.** Set up an enrollment night. Nurture new recruits.
2. **Plan a camporee return party/social** for your church, including your parents and other supporters. Have a slide show. Feature a Pathfinder souvenir video. Display photos and other souvenirs.
3. **Capitalize on the fourth-grade and 9-year-old interest.** Hand out preregistration forms to those turning 10.
4. **Dropout rate** will increase because of teens who now will become leaders. Help smooth out their transition to Adventist Youth, Master Guide, or Private First Class leadership.

### **And how about the leaders?**

1. Some had frazzled nerves! Exhaustion. Fatigue. "Kid burnout"!
2. For others it was a great time! Worth all the effort. Tired but happy!
3. Some learned what to do and what *not* to do next time.

### **1. Send thank-you letters**

to helpers, sponsors, parents, and churches for financial support, materials, and much time and energy.

### **2. Check club's budget.**

Pay any debts. Redistribute excess funds (if any) or set up payment schedule.

### **3. Check equipment.**

Fix anything that's broken or damaged. List replacements needed. Send insurance claims for lost, missing, or damaged equipment.

### **4. Generate PR news reports**

for TV and radio. Set up interviews. Gather photos for display.

### **5. Write an evaluation**

for your permanent file of what happened at Camp Hale.

4. Many gained insights into the best travel arrangements.

5. Some learned about planning for cross-country excursions. About group function and benefits of unity. Combining personalities that work well and those that don't. Dealing with homesickness and mountain sickness.

6. Leaders came back with a lot

of new skills, fun games, and ideas for their Pathfinder program.

7. And inspiration to continue leading Pathfinders into service.

We appreciate all your help and dedication. Have a great new Pathfinder year.

**Michael Stevenson**

World Pathfinder Director





**You mean we got to rake all these?** exclaimed

Wendy, looking across the front yard strewn with multicolored leaves.

"Looks to me like it could take all day," joined in Toby. "Whose idea was this anyway?"

"Hey, now wait a minute," chuckled Tex. "It's not all that bad. With all the Trailblazers helping, we should be done in no time."

"And if you'll remember, Toby," said Jena, "we all agreed at our last meeting to help Grandpa Baxter rake his leaves this fall as part of our caring-and-sharing project."

She bent down and picked up a vivid red-and-yellow leaf. "Look at all these colors," said Jena. "They're beautiful."

"What makes leaves change color?" asked MacPherson as he

scooped up a handful of colorful leaves.

"Good question," said Tex.

"Does anyone have an answer?"

"Well," began Jena, shyly, "my dad says that leaves are actually little 'factories.' They manufacture food to help the tree grow."

"Factories?" asked Toby.

"Yes. In the spring and summer these factories run at top speed," continued Jena. "They take in carbon dioxide from the air, and water from their roots. Sunlight enters the leaf and sets the factory in motion. But a leaf can't begin this manufacturing process unless the chemical chlorophyll is present."

"Isn't that what makes the leaf green?" asked Wendy.

"That's right," said Jena. "But did you know that there are other colors in leaves too? They are hidden by the green of the chlorophyll. However, when the

weather turns cold and the days get shorter, the chlorophyll begins to break down. The green disappears."

"Wow, and that's when the reds, oranges, yellows, and purples appear!" exclaimed MacPherson.

"You're pretty smart, Mac," Jena smiled. "The leaves turn different colors depending on the particular pigment hidden in each leaf."

"Sounds pretty artsy to me," laughed Wendy.

"Well, what if you 'artists' grab a rake and start picking up some of this pigment," Tex teased. "I've got some 'paintpots' just waiting to be filled!"

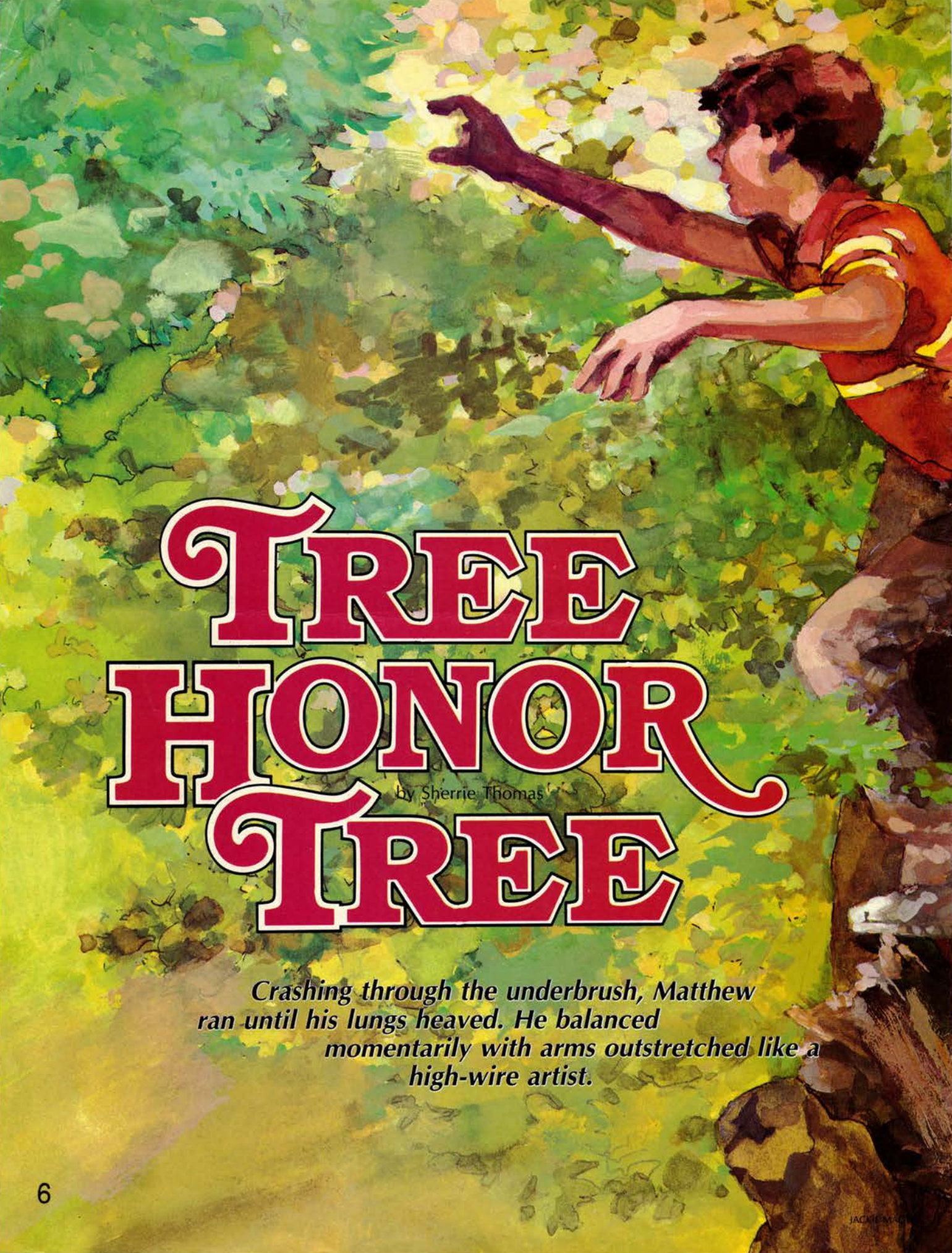
"Paintpots!" yelled Toby. "Look like green trash bags to me!"

"Whatever they are," laughed Tex, "let's get 'em filled up quickly. I smell fresh bread baking in Grandma Baxter's oven. I bet if we hurry we can be done about the time it comes out of the oven. Does that interest anyone?"

"Sure does!" hollered the Trailblazers as they started scooping leaves into the empty bags. ■

## A COLORFUL FACTORY



A painting of a young boy with dark hair, wearing a red shirt with yellow stripes on the sleeves, running through a dense forest. He is leaning forward with his arms outstretched, as if balancing or reaching for something. The background is a lush, green forest with sunlight filtering through the leaves. The title 'TREE HONOR TREE' is written in large, stylized red letters with white outlines, centered over the image. Below the title, the author's name 'by Sherrie Thomas' is written in a smaller, plain font. At the bottom, a paragraph of text describes the scene.

# TREE HONOR TREE

by Sherrie Thomas

*Crashing through the underbrush, Matthew ran until his lungs heaved. He balanced momentarily with arms outstretched like a high-wire artist.*





**M**

ATTHEW flipped idly through the pages of his handbook on trees. He was only half listening to Chip, the Master Guide, who was cooking up pancakes.

"I hope you'll take advantage of this camping trip to finish the Honors you're working on," Chip said. "I think we're working on five or six different Honors. Right, Holly?"

A slim blonde girl to Matthew's left raised her head. "Um, right, Chip," she answered.

Matthew studied her profile and a frown creased his face. Pathfinders hadn't been as much fun since Holly joined his troop. He had always had the most Honors and tied the best knots—until Holly came.

He still remembered the night she first walked into their meeting. His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when he saw how many Honors she had sewn to her sash. She had Honors in areas that girls weren't supposed to be good at, like caving and radio electronics.

"Today we're going to head up to Walker's Ridge over the pass," Chip said, interrupting Matthew's unhappy thoughts. "I want us to stay together as much as possible."

The group of Pathfinders looked up from their pancakes and nodded. Matthew and Holly were both working on their Advanced Trees and Shrubs Honor. Matthew wondered how many leaves Holly had found already.

The group cleared the campsite and headed for Walker's Ridge. Bringing up the rear of the snakelike row of hikers was Matthew, still fuming about Holly.

His eyes wandered to the dense forest that crowded in on the path. I'll show her, he thought. I'll find leaves from shrubs she's never even heard of before.

He glanced at the backs of the others ahead of him, then darted off the path into the woods. Crashing through the underbrush, Matthew ran down the mountainside until his lungs heaved.

**N**OW that he was off the trail, Matthew noticed new bushes. He picked some leaves off one small shrub and studied their shape. Thumbing through his handbook, he searched until he identified the leaves. Then he spotted a new tree. And another.

Finally Matthew glanced at his watch. I'd better get moving, he thought. The rest of the group might be looking for me by now.

He started up the hill toward the path, then noticed a tall, leafy tree with putty-colored bark. Intrigued, he took a step toward it, then frowned as he realized he wouldn't be able to reach the leaves on its high branches.

Then he saw it. A tree had fallen and come to rest with one end high in the branches of a neighboring tree. Its crazy angle made a ramp just close enough for Matthew to reach the leaves he wanted.

Continued on page 15



# SCHOOL DAZE

DON'T GET LOST IN THIS HAZE MAZE... START HERE

FINISH

PLEASE HELP UNSCRAMBLE  
POOR TOMMY'S LUNCH  
1. HSDAWNITCH  
2. SEPUKCAC  
3. NNNAAB  
4. PLPAE  
5. PCSHI OOPTA  
6. RRCATO SSCITK



School days are here again! Test your skills by solving these super pathfinder fun puzzles and mazes.

# TrailBlazer

These students overslept on the first day of school and forgot to do some very important things. Can you find ten of them?



ZBAOI  
OHEALTHN  
FDCTOBKLYMD  
LESEALGEBRAVW  
UGHSIMETJISOAYX  
UTSNRPQEHOGGFCBTCBI  
WVUCTCNMCMJNKEISDQ  
XHSILGNEMLINOEIP  
YZASONBTRLMDRSNHO  
ISSUNZCRXCKZATUCV  
RQMOUIYJDBAYEXWE  
GNITIRWDNAHFTRA

Search for your favorite subjects in these stones...

1. MATH
2. GEOMETRY
3. ENGLISH
4. HISTORY
5. ALGEBRA
6. MUSIC

7. READING
8. HANDWRITING
9. LUNCH
10. SCIENCE
11. HEALTH
12. ART
13. RECESS



## How Old Are You?

A person's age has always been a source of interest. People over 40 usually don't like to admit their real age, while people under 16 like others to think they are older than they

actually are.

When I was 15, I looked forward to the time I would be old enough to get my driver's license. I even had it down to the number of days!

Figuring out how many days there are between two dates isn't as simple as it may seem. You have to remember which months have 30 days and which have 31. And you always have to take

leap year into consideration.

This month I have written a program that will tell you exactly how many days old you are. Here's how you use the program.

Enter today's date. For example, August 30, 1985, would be entered 08/30/85. Next, enter your birth date. The computer will think a moment, then tell you how many days old you are.

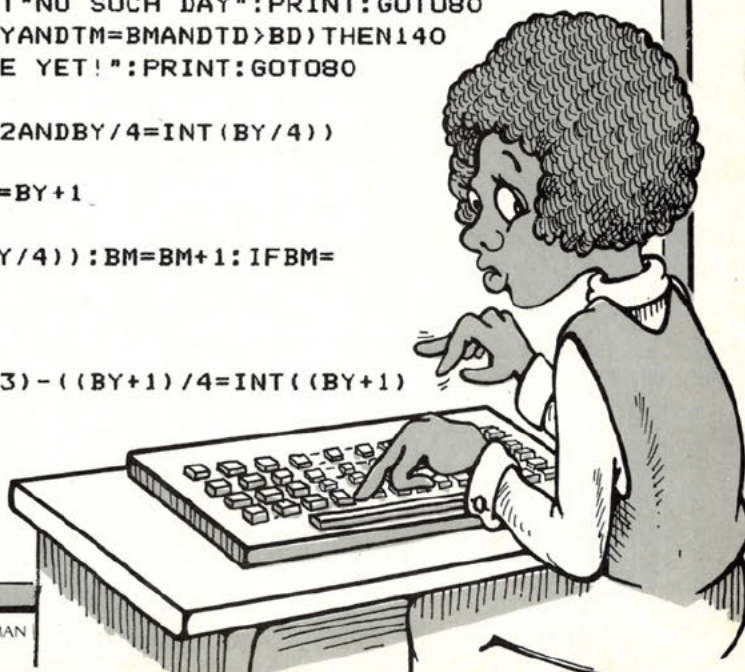
If you have an Apple computer, make the following changes:

```
5 HOME
150 IF TD < BD THEN DO = TD + ND(BM) - BD + (BM = 2 AND BY / 4 = INT(BY / 4)) : BD = TD : BM = BM + 1 : S = 1
210 DO = DO + 365 + (BY / 4 = INT(BY / 4) AND BM < 3) + ((BY + 1) / 4 = INT((BY + 1) / 4) AND BM > 2) : BY = BY + 1
```

If you have a Commodore 64, add the following line:

```
5 POKE 53280, 4 : POKE 53281, 4 : POKE 646, 1 : PRINT CHR$(147)
```

```
10 DIM ND(12)
20 FOR I = 1 TO 12 : READ ND(I) : NEXT
30 DATA 31, 28, 31, 30, 31, 30, 31, 31, 30, 31, 30, 31
40 INPUT "TYPE TODAY'S DATE (MM/DD/YY)"; TD$: IF LEN(TD$) < 8 THEN 40
50 TM = VAL(LEFT$(TD$, 2)) : TD = VAL(MID$(TD$, 4, 2)) : TY = VAL(RIGHT$(TD$, 2))
60 IF TM = 2 AND TD = 29 AND TY / 4 = INT(TY / 4) THEN 80
70 IF TD < 10 OR TD > ND(TM) THEN PRINT : PRINT "NO SUCH DAY" : PRINT : GOTO 40
80 INPUT "TYPE YOUR BIRTHDAY (MM/DD/YY)"; BD$: IF LEN(BD$) < 8 THEN 80
90 BM = VAL(LEFT$(BD$, 2)) : BD = VAL(MID$(BD$, 4, 2)) : BY = VAL(RIGHT$(BD$, 2))
100 IF BM = 2 AND BD = 29 AND BY / 4 = INT(BY / 4) THEN 120
110 IF BD < 10 OR BD > ND(BM) THEN PRINT : PRINT "NO SUCH DAY" : PRINT : GOTO 80
120 IF TY > BY OR (TY = BY AND TM > BM) OR (TY = BY AND TM = BM AND TD > BD) THEN 140
130 PRINT : PRINT "WE HAVEN'T GOT THERE YET!" : PRINT : GOTO 80
140 DO = 0 : IF TD > BD THEN DO = TD - 1 : BD = TD
150 IF TD < BD THEN DO = TD + ND(BM) - BD - (BM = 2 AND BY / 4 = INT(BY / 4)) : BD = TD : BM = BM + 1 : S = 1
160 IFS = 1 THEN S = 0 : IF BM = 13 THEN BM = 1 : BY = BY + 1
170 IF TM = BM THEN 200
180 DO = DO + ND(BM) - (BM = 2 AND BY / 4 = INT(BY / 4)) : BM = BM + 1 : IF BM = 13 THEN BM = 1 : BY = BY + 1
190 GOTO 170
200 IF TY = BY THEN 230
210 DO = DO + 365 - (BY / 4 = INT(BY / 4) AND BM < 3) - ((BY + 1) / 4 = INT((BY + 1) / 4) AND BM > 2) : BY = BY + 1
220 GOTO 200
230 PRINT "YOU ARE "DO" DAYS OLD TODAY!" : INPUT "FIND ANOTHER"; Y$: IF Y$ = "Y" THEN 80
```

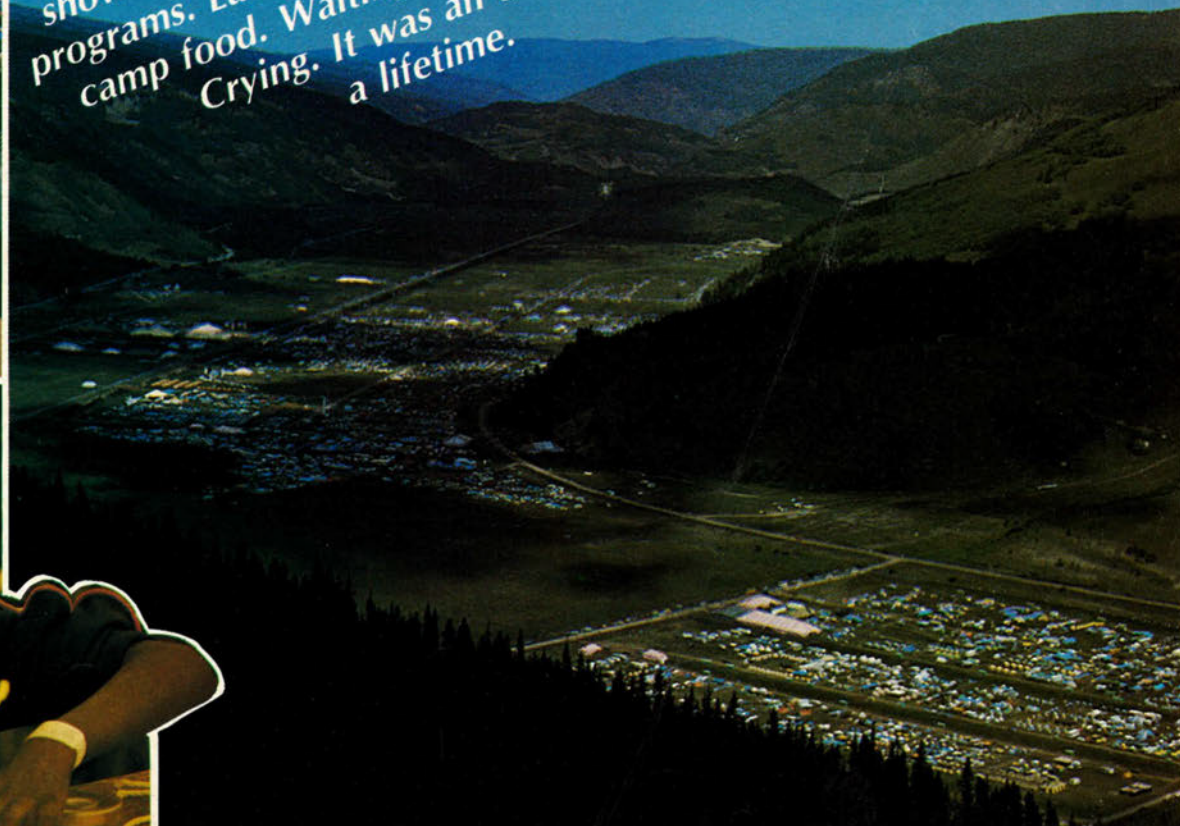




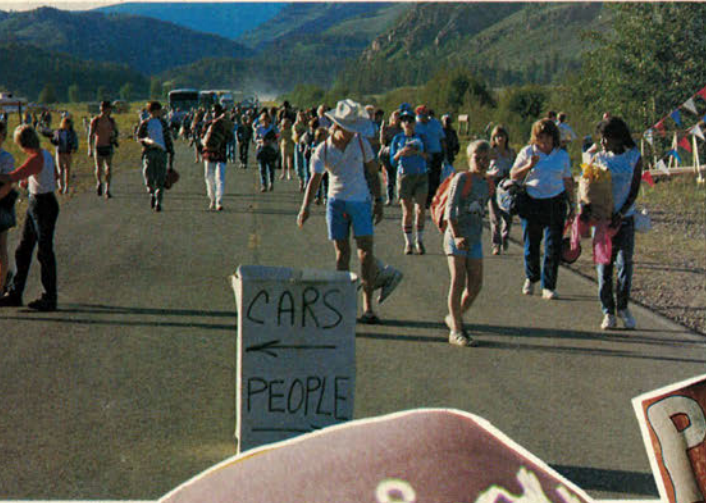
# CAMP HALE REVIEW



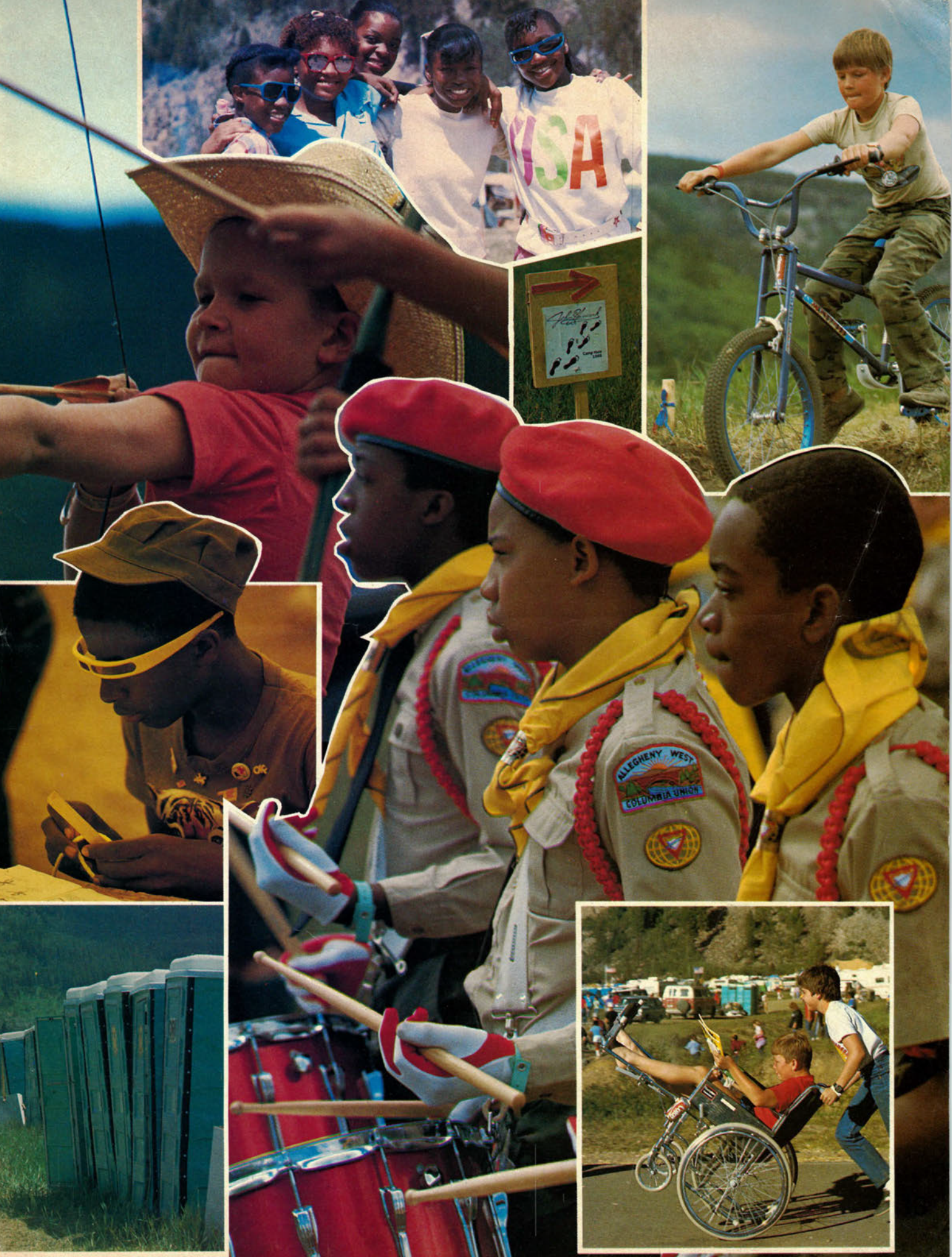
Camp Hale was a never-to-be-for-  
gotten experience. Sleeping on  
rocky ground. Standing under icy  
showers. Shivering through the evening  
programs. Eating pizza, frozen yogurt, and  
camp food. Waiting in lines. Laughing.  
Crying. It was an event of  
a lifetime.















Many will carry close to their hearts the memory of those seven hot, cold, dusty days on the nation's rooftop. It was a week of discovery. Of finding what it means to be a Pathfinder. And they will never lose it.



Continued from page 7

Matthew placed one foot on the timber and noticed that it seemed soft and mushy. Setting his other foot on top of the log, he balanced momentarily with arms outstretched like a high-wire artist. He took a hesitant step, then another and another.

Matthew stretched his arm toward a nearby branch as he balanced precariously.

His fingers barely closed around a handful of leaves. Then, all at once he heard a sickening crunch under his feet as the rotting timber beneath him gave way.

He'd been OK if the ground hadn't been littered with dead wood. But his right foot struck a branch as he landed, twisting his ankle as his body fell.

Matthew lay still for a long moment. Slowly he sat up and shook his head.

Throwing the crushed leaves down in disgust, he tried to stand. But a racking pain in his left ankle made him sink to the ground.

Oh, no! Matthew thought. What now? He eased off his shoe and carefully peeled the sock from his swollen ankle.

**S**UDDENLY a flash of color caught his attention. Matthew stared in disbelief as the branches parted and Holly and Gertie stepped toward him.

"Here you are," Holly said with a grin. "We've been looking for you." She stopped short when she noticed his quickly swelling ankle. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing," Matthew lied.

Holly knelt to get a better look at Matthew's ankle. "Well, I can't really tell by looking, but I think it's just a bad sprain."

"Don't tell me—let me guess," Matthew said sarcastically. "You have an Honor in first aid, right?"

"Uh-huh," Holly replied

absentmindedly as she studied his injury.

"By the way," Matthew said, "How did you find me?"

Holly stood and gestured up the hillside. "You stepped into a muddy area when you left the path. I spotted your footprint."

"You spotted my footprint?" Matthew stared at Holly in disbelief.

Holly nodded. "It wasn't hard."

Matthew shook his head. "Especially when you have an Honor in tracking, right?"

"Uh, right." Holly glanced toward the path. "Gertie, why don't you go get Chip and bring him back here, OK?"

Before Matthew could respond, Gertie scurried out of sight. "You're sending Gertie?" Matthew cried. "She's just a kid!"

"It's OK. We marked the trail."



"You marked the trail," Matthew echoed hollowly. "Oh, I forgot. You have an Honor in orienteering. I can't stand it. I just can't stand it."

Holly sighed. "Look, I know you hate me, but can we just make the best of it for now?"

Matthew paused. "I don't hate you—exactly."

Holly picked up a twig and began to break it into little

pieces. "You know," she said, "this Pathfinder troop is the fifth one I've belonged to."

"Really?" Matthew answered. "Why?"

"Because my father's work makes him move around. We never stay in one city more than a year—and often a lot less. It's tough to leave your friends behind and even tougher to make friends out of a bunch of strangers. So I join Pathfinders wherever I go—it helps."

Matthew was silent. "You have so many Honors," he said finally. "It really bugs me sometimes."

Holly smiled. "I guess I always thought that earning Honors was the next-best thing to making friends." She stared at her feet. "Sometimes they're easier to come by," she added softly.

Matthew felt his stomach sinking. "Look, Holly—"

Holly held up her hand. "I think I hear someone coming."

**M**OMENTS later they were surrounded by Chip and the rest of the troop. Before long they had carried Matthew up to the trail and back to camp.

That night the troop gathered around the campfire for worship. Matthew leaned on one elbow with his bandaged ankle propped up on his backpack.

"This is the Thanksgiving season," Chip said. "But we really should thank God for our blessings every day. I'm thankful today that we're all together safe and sound." Chip looked at Matthew and winked. "What are the rest of you thankful for?"

Matthew looked at his injured ankle and took a deep breath. "I'm thankful for friends." He raised his eyes and looked across the campfire at Holly.

She smiled and looked quickly away. And even though the night was dark and the air was smoky, Matthew could see the glint of a tear in the corner of her eye. ■



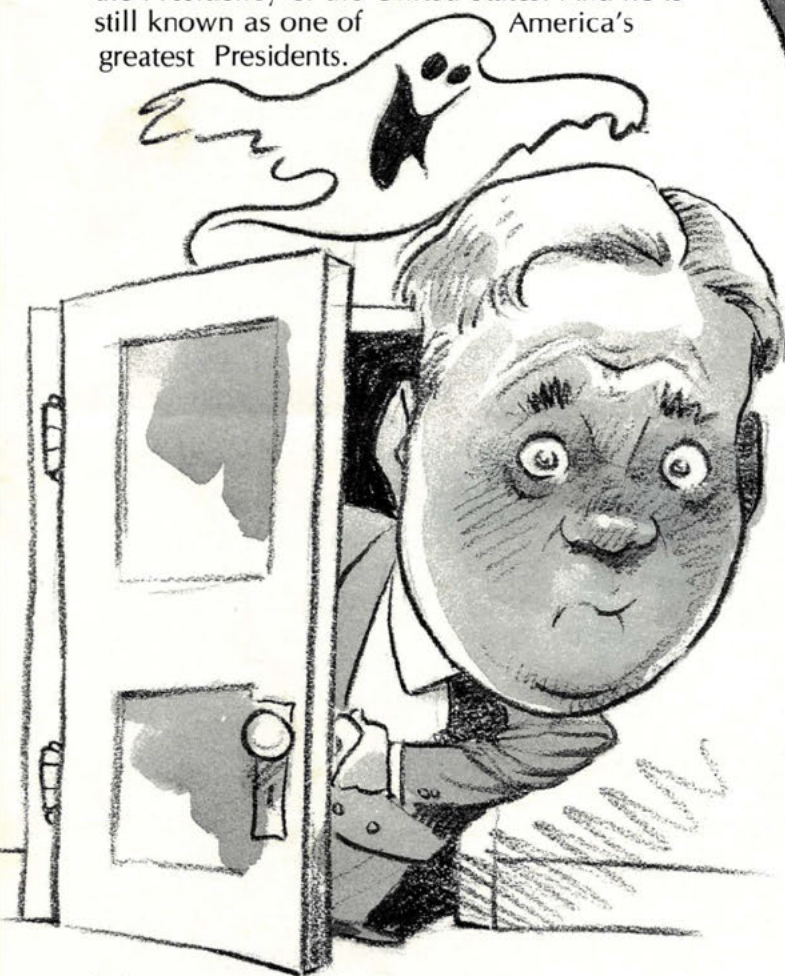
## Late Bloomer

For twenty-eight years Abraham Lincoln failed at almost everything. In 1833 his business failed. He lost elections for public office in 1854, 1856, and 1858. However, in 1860 he was elected to the Presidency of the United States. And he is still known as one of America's greatest Presidents.



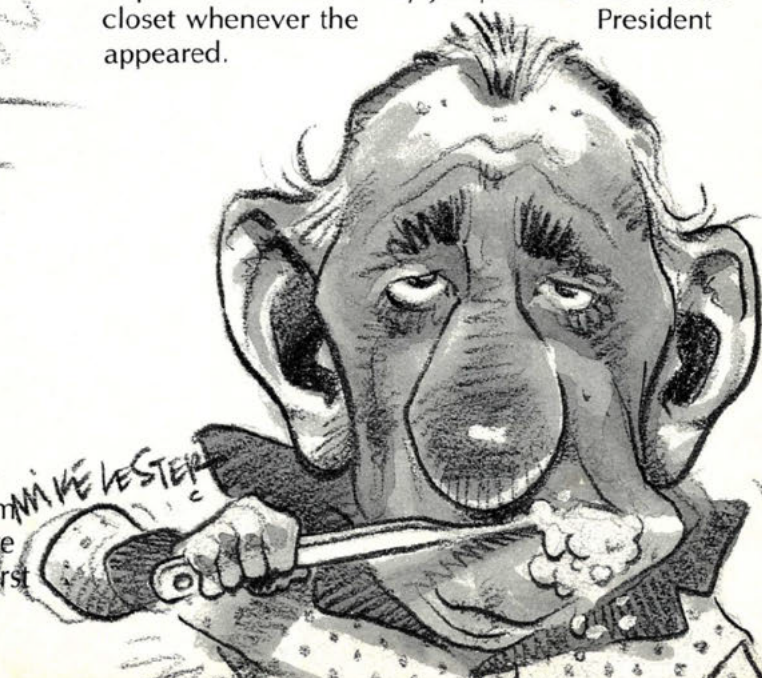
## Now You See Them, Now You Don't!

Pathfinders know there are no ghosts. Former President Herbert Hoover must have wished there were. He insisted that all White House servants become "invisible" when family, friends, or Presidential visitors came into a room. So how did the servants solve the impossibility of his request? How else? They jumped into the nearest closet whenever the President appeared.



## Forget-Me-Not-Not-Not-Not

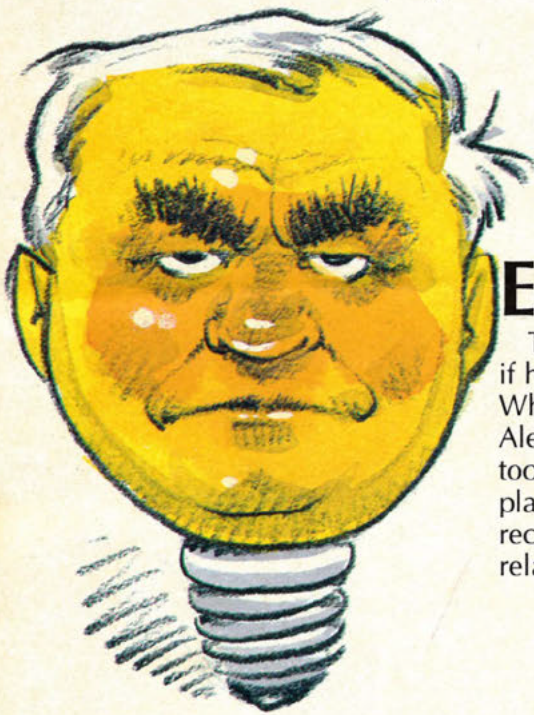
Another former President, Lyndon Johnson, loved to give gifts. Especially electric toothbrushes. If he really liked people he kept right on giving them toothbrushes. One White House intern received twelve toothbrushes from the President in ten years! Johnson said he gave toothbrushes so friends "will think of me the first thing in the morning and the last at night."





## Nature's Trail

Harriet Tubman, a black slave who successfully fled to the North, endangered her life nineteen times by going back to help others escape. Harriet learned from her father the outdoor "secrets" to freedom when she was about the age of most Pathfinders. "Moss on the north side of the trees will guide you by day," he told her. "Follow the North Star by night."



## Edison Rings the Bell

Thomas Edison invented the phonograph. Even if he was partially deaf and did not like music. Why bother? Well, Edison thought his friend Alexander Graham Bell had invented something too expensive for people to buy. Modern record players were meant to be used as central receivers where telephone messages could be relayed.

## The Agony of De-Feet

Think your feet hurt after a ten-mile hike? One day in 1778 Daniel Boone was captured by Indians while he was making salt in Kentucky. The Indians released the other men who were with Daniel, but took him along into the wilderness. Daniel escaped and walked home through the forest—160 miles.





# Soaring

*Did you ever wonder what it would be like to share the sky with an eagle? To feel the exact things it feels? Using the same cues as you float and glide silently over the countryside?*

**W**ELL, IT'S ALL POSSIBLE. And you don't even need to grow wings or ride in a noisy motorized plane.

Instead, hop aboard a sleek craft with narrow wings that seem to stretch forever. And experience the thrill and excitement of soaring in a sailplane.

But wait—what is soaring? To find out, come with the Conquistadores. They are members of the Redlands/San Bernardino Spanish Pathfinder Club. George Lessard, from the Loma Linda University Academic Soaring Club, will be explaining this unique sport.



ground is warmed. This causes the air to expand and rise. Just like steam coming from a boiling kettle on a stove.

Bubbles of warm rising air form into columns called thermals. If the sailplane circles in these bubbles of rising air, the



The sailplane in the photos is a German-made Grob Twin G103

Acro. It is made from fiberglass, which makes the craft strong but light. With its sixty-foot wingspan and aerodynamic design, it's easy for this slender sailplane to stay aloft and glide efficiently through the air without an engine. In fact, the average speed of a sailplane is sixty to eighty miles per hour.

So how can a plane fly without an engine? As the earth is heated by the sun the air next to the

plane rises. These thermals are what keep the plane up.

The pilot can tell where the thermals are by looking for cumulus clouds. These piles of white fluffy clouds mark the tops of the thermals.

**A**

SAILPLANE is a specially designed plane used just for soaring. It has no engine, yet is flown the same as a power plane and is controlled like any other aircraft.



# With Eagles

Early in the morning the ground isn't warm enough to heat the air above it. However, as the day goes by, the ground heats the air, and thermals form. The middle of the day is the best time for thermals and soaring.

**G**EORGE is getting ready to take Pathfinder Rocio Gijjarro for her first sailplane ride. How does she rate? She's the Conquistadores' honored Pathfinder of the month. Ready, Rocio?

George checks out the equipment and controls. Then

the plane is rolled out by hand to the runway.

George and Rocio climb into the cockpit and fasten their seat belts and shoulder harnesses securely. Then the canopy is closed. (Sailplanes have either one or two seats. In a training sailplane, the instructor sits in the back.)

A line person attaches a 200-foot nylon or polypropylene rope to a special hook on the towplane. George will wiggle the rudder when he's ready for the plane to start towing.

The towplane takes the sailplane to 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the ground before George releases the towline. This is done by pulling a release knob located in the front of the plane.

**A**T ALTITUDES higher than 12,000 feet pilots must use oxygen.

A motorized plane can usually climb about 500 feet per minute. On a good day a sailplane can climb 1,000 feet per minute. Though the plane is moving 60 to 80 miles per hour, it doesn't feel fast.

**George uses three things to fly the plane:**

**1. The stick.** This controls the elevator (the moveable part of the horizontal tail) and the ailerons (flaps on the wings), which help in turning the plane or going up or down.

**2. Rudder pedals.** They move the rudder, located on the vertical tail of the plane, in making turns.

**3. Spoilers.** Situated on the wings, they look like doors. By opening them up, the plane slows down (it "spoils the lift of the wing") so the pilot can land.



Gravity will slowly draw the sailplane toward the earth's surface. However, the pilot can have a longer flight if the air mass (the thermal) in which he's flying is rising faster than the sailplane is gliding downward. When this happens, the real thrill of climbing without an engine begins.

Is soaring safe? The Federal Aviation Administration must think so. If you take the proper training, you only have to be 14 to fly a sailplane by yourself.

So check it out. And maybe someday soon you too can experience the thrill of sharing the sky with an eagle! ■





# CANDLES CANDLES CANDLES

Cheryl Lessard

Looking for something to do with those leaves and flowers you pressed last summer? Or that jar of shells you collected at the beach? How about making a decorated candle? Or maybe a sand candle? Use your imagination and creativity to see what you can come up with. Candles make great gifts!





## MATERIALS

- ☐ Old work clothes (for the artist to wear)
- ☐ Newspaper (protects your work area)
- ☐ Kettle
- ☐ Large can or widemouthed canning jar for melting wax
- ☐ Wax (use old candles—these paraffin, old crayons—these add color; but remember that the color darkens when the wax sets)
- ☐ Plastic or old metal spoon
- ☐ Tweezers
- ☐ Plain white 2-inch candles
- ☐ Pressed flowers, ferns, leaves, shells, small colorful pictures (to press items, place between paper towels in a catalog, weight down with additional books, and leave for 1-2 weeks or until dry)
- ☐ Bucket of sand

## DIRECTIONS

### Decorated Candle

1. Put wax, to be melted, into a can or widemouthed jar. Place into a kettle containing at least an inch of water. (Add more water as needed.) Use medium heat to melt the wax. Watch wax carefully. If it smokes it's too hot. Note: If the wax catches fire, smother it with a kettle lid. Never put out a wax fire with water. It will just spread the flame.

2. Select the decorations to put on your candle. Decide how to arrange the items.

3. Fill the melting container two-thirds full of water. Add a half pound of paraffin and melt over medium heat. Then turn heat to low. The paraffin will float to the top. This lets you dip your 2-inch candle without melting a containerful of wax.

4. Hold the decorations with the tweezers. Dip each one into the melted wax and quickly smooth into position on the plain white candle. Continue this process until all decorations have been placed.

5. Dip the entire decorated candle into the wax. If it is too tall, dip one end, let it dry, then turn it over and dip the other half. Dip several times.

6. Your candle is finished. When it has burned down a bit, the light will show through the decorations.

### Sand Candle

To make a sand candle, follow step 1, then steps 7 through 10.

7. Dampen sand in bucket just enough to hold a shape. Hollow out the shape you want, and use a spoon to smooth it. Or you can use a Jell-o mold to form the sand. An old round candle works great for making holes for the sand candle's feet.

8. Press shells or rocks into the edges of the sand for decoration.

9. When the wax is melted, carefully pour into the sand depression. As the wax starts to set, push a short length of candle into the center. Be careful not to knock any sand into the wax.


10. When the candle has completely set, dig it out. Brush off any loose sand. If you made feet, use a knife to trim them so the candle will stand up straight.

Artwork by Cheryl Lessard  
Photography by Elwyn Spaulding



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NetWork



**QUESTION: In a given day at school, how many times do you sharpen your pencil?**

MARY BAUSMAN

## Did You Know?

The longest fingernail ever measured was 24.9 inches long? And the longest beard ever grown was 17.5 feet? There's enough iron in your body to make a nail three inches long? And a British sports commentator once said 176 words in 30 seconds while describing a race?

Interesting facts, aren't they?

I'll bet you could give us more. There are hundreds of books full of so many amazing facts they can make your head spin.

Everyone likes facts. But we want *more*. We want to know facts about Pathfinders. With so much energy and imagination, they must do incredible things. And we want to know about them. Here's how.

Answer the question above and send it on a card or letter to PATHFINDER magazine. When enough replies are in, PATHFINDER will be able to discover amazing facts about you. Then look ahead to future Database or Network sections, where the remarkable totals will be revealed.



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